Vol. 13 No. 5 February, 1920

School Library BULLETIN

Published by the Bureau of Libraries, Board of Education, 500 Park Avenue, New York City, in the interest of school libraries and the reading of good books.

A MAN FOR THE AGES

Of the making of books about Lincoln there is seemingly no end. One of the most interesting phases of this cult of the man of the people is the recent discovery of him in England. During the war there appeared Lord Charnwood's excellent biography of Lincoln in the "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series, and shortly afterward Mr. John Drinkwater, an English playright, wrote and produced a play entitled "Abraham Lincoln," which has had an unusual success.

"Nobody can dine out in London today," says Mr. Arnold Bennett, "and admit without a blush that he has not seen 'Abraham Lincoln.' Monarchs and princes have seen it. Archbishops have seen it. Statesmen without number have seen it." The English press was unanimous in its praise—the English public was caught and held by its irresistible spell.

The play has met with the same success in this country. It is still running in New York, and the audiences are largely interspersed with parents accompanied by their children or with bachelor uncles who have borrowed nephews for the occasion. The play is simplicity itself—plain well-known episodes from Lincoln's life—and yet so emphasized and vitalized by the actors that it sinks home in the presentation, as it never can in the plain black and white of the printed page. Thousands of young people have seen this play and are better Americans for it. New York could well afford to bring it within the reach of thousands of other boys and girls who have only the cheapest of "movies" as a road into the realms of mystery and romance

* * *

Mr. Irving Bacheller, at his best in fiction with the tang of American soil in it, creator of "Eben Holden" and "Dri," chronicler of the life of the village and the farm and of the men and women of the east whose restless spirit urged them to better things in a land of promise that ever lay toward the west,—has given us another plain story of these pioneers.

"A man for the ages" pictures that rough life of the border settlements which produced the youth called "Honest" Abe Lincoln.

The story is never old. It has a perennial charm. Again Abe's long legs sprawl over the counter in Denton Offut's store at New Salem, while their owner lies at full length, resting his head on a bolt of blue denim, and reads. He worsts the bully of the Clary Grove crowd. He volunteers for the Black Hawk war, is elected to the legislature, and falls in love with Ann Rutledge.

From A Man for the Ages, by Irving Bacheller, Courtesy of Bobbs Merrill and Co.

The Underground Railroad, the land boom and panic of 1837, the flourishing little town of Chicago, the specter of slavery and civil war are all in the setting,—and while the story follows the career of a family from Vermont, the young Lincoln always looms large in the background. It is such a tale as Edward Eggleston wrote, in "The Graysons," of the middle west of the '30s and the '40s, and its stout-hearted makers,—good, bad and indifferent—and the youth, the struggles, the sorrows and the victories of one among them who rose to heights undreamed of.

Bacheller, Irving...A Man for the Ages..Bobbs-Merrill.
Charnwood, Lord...Abraham Lincoln....Henry Holt & Co.
Drinkwater, John...Abraham Lincoln....Houghton, Mifflin.
(A Play.)

Rothschild, Alonzo..Honest Abe.....Houghton, Mifflin.
Wanamaker, R. M..Voice of Lincoln.....Scribners.
Shirley, Ralph.....Short Life of Lincoln.Funk and Wagnalls.

WASHINGTON AT TWENTY-ONE

The Embassy to the French Forts on the Ohio, 1753

Tie the moccasin, bind the pack,
Sling your rifle across your back,
Up! and follow the mountain track—
Tread the Indian Trail.
See! the light of the Westward Star
Shows the way to the streams afar!
Ours are tidings of Peace or War,—
Life and Death in the scale.

The leaves of October are dry on the ground;
The sheaves of Virginia are gathered and bound,
Her fallows are glad with the cry of the hound,
The partridges whirr in the fern;
But deep are the forests and keen are the foes
Where troubled Ohio in wilderness flows;
We've perils to conquer, and torrents and snows
To traverse before we return.

Hall and council-room, farm and chase,
Coat of scarlet with frill of lace,
All are excellent things, in place;
Joy in these if ye can.
Mine be hunting-shirt, knife, and gun,
Camp aglow in the sheltered run,
Friend and foe in the checkered sun—
That's the life for a man!

By Arthur Guiterman, from The Mirthful Lyre. Harper & Bros.

THE AMERICANISM OF WASHINGTON

For what is true Americanism, and where does it reside? Not on the tongue, nor in the clothes, nor among the transient social forms, refined or rude, which mottle the surface of human life. The log cabin has no monopoly of it, nor is it an immovable fixture of the stately pillared mansion. Its home is not on the frontier nor in the populous city, not among the trees of the wild forest nor the cultured groves of Academe. Its dwelling is in the heart. It speaks a score of dialects but one language, follows a hundred paths to the same goal, performs a thousand kinds of service in loyalty to the same ideal which is its life. True Americanism is this:

To believe that the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are given by God.

To believe that any form of power that tramples on these rights is unjust.

To believe that taxation without representation is tyranny, that government must rest upon the consent of the governed, and that the people should choose their own rulers.

To believe that freedom must be safeguarded by law and order, and that the end of freedom is fair play for all.

To believe not in a forced equality of conditions and estates, but in a true equalization of burdens, privileges, and opportunities.

To believe that the selfish interests of persons, classes, and sections must be subordinated to the welfare of the commonwealth.

To believe that union is as much a human necessity as liberty is a divine gift.

To believe, not that all people are good, but that the way to make them better is to trust the whole people.

To believe that a free state should offer an asylum to the oppressed, and an example of virtue, sobriety, and fair dealing to all nations.

To believe that for the existence and perpetuity of such a state a man should be willing to give his whole service, in property, in labor, and in life.

That is Americanism; an ideal embodying itself in a people; a creed heated white hot in the furnace of conviction and hammered into shape on the anvil of life; a vision commanding men to following it whithersoever it may lead them. And it was the subordination of the personal self to that ideal, that creed, that vision, which gave eminence and glory to Washington and the men who stood with him.

From The Americanism of Washington, by Henry Van Dyke.

A BOOK-LOVER

My Pop is always buying books:
So Mom says his study looks
Just like an old bookstore.
The book shelves are so full and tall,
They hide the paper on the wall.
And there are books just everywhere:
On table, window seat and chair,
And books right on the floor.

And every little while he buys
More books, and brings them home and tries
To find a place where they will fit,
And has an awful time of it.

Once, when I asked him why he got
So many books, he said "Why not?"
I've puzzled over that a lot.

Ralph Bergengren, in Jane, Joseph and John, Their Book of Verses, Atlantic Monthly Press.

FAVORITE BOOKS OF BOY SCOUTS

The following titles were the most popular among Scouts during 1919.

Grey—Last of the plainsmen.
Tomlinson—Scouting with Daniel Boone.
Altsheler—Guns of Europe.
Stevenson—Treasure Island.
Barbour—For the honor of the school
Altsheler—Horsemen of the plains.
Quirk—Boy scouts of the Black Eagle patrol.
Barnes—Yankee Ships and Yankee sailors.
Verne—Twenty thousand leagues under the sea.
Burton—Boy scouts of Bob's Hill.
Heyliger—Don Strong of the Wolf patrol.
Masefield—Jim Davis.
Cooper—Last of the Mohicans.
Wallace—Gaunt grey wolf.
Paine—College years.
Wallace—Ungava Bob.
Fitzhugh—Tom Slade, boy scout.

WASHINGTON'S INTEREST IN YOUNG PEOPLE

During his New England tour, in the first year of his Presidency, Washington stopped at the house of

"That orderly liberty which is both the foundation and the capstone of our civilization can be gained and kept only by men who are willing to fight for an ideal; who hold high the love of honor, love of faith, love of flag, and love of country."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

a Mr. Taft at Uxbridge, where he was so much pleased at the attentions of his host's young daughters that, from his next stopping-place, a gift was sent to each, accompanied by the following characteristic letter to their father:

Hartford, 8th November, 1789.

Sir: Being informed that you have given my name to one of your sons, and called another after Mrs. Washington's family, and being moreover very much pleased with the modest and innocent looks of your two daughters, Patty and Polly, I do for these reasons send each of these girls a piece of chintz; and to Patty, who bears the name of Mrs. Washington, and who waited more upon us than Polly did, I send five guineas, with which she may buy herself any little ornament she may want, or she may dispose of them in any other manner more agreeable to herself. As I do not give these things with a view to have it talked of, or even to its being known, the less there is said about the matter the better you will please me. But, that I may be sure the chintz and money have got safe to hand, let Patty, who I dare say is equal to it, write me a line informing me thereof, directed to "The President of the United States at New York." I wish you and your family well, and am your humble Servant.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

From an article by H. A. Ogden in St. Nicholas, Feb., 1917.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

'Twixt North and South, a constant prayer
It rises white against the sky,
A heaven-aspiring magic stair
Up which our angels, hearing, bear,
A people's Godward cry.

'Tis no new empire-vaunting tower,
As threat'ning rose on Shinar's plain,
Braggart of our expanding power,
Defying Heaven in our rich dower,
Who speak one tongue again.

Nor stands it there in righteous pride
As some strait Pharisee to pray,
Boasting our gifts to some denied,
Speaking self-laud, while we make wide
The borders of our sway.

Earth-broad its deep foundations are,
Laid in a nation's timeless love;
It lifts its eyes to sun and star,
Empty of pride—the avatar
Of what we seek above.

Greed hides it sometimes from our sight,
Or hate or dark adversity,
Yet evermore we know pure white
It suppliant stands through murk and night—
Our ceaseless litany.

Thou art our thanks for victories won,
Mute memory of our patriot sire,
Our vow that duty will be done,
Our prayer for strength with each new sun,
Our pillared cloud and fire!

By John Finley.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE BEES

Whatever we may think about the intelligence of the bee, we must at least admire the way in which it sacrifices itself to the one thing it seems to care for or value, and that is the future. It is the future of the race, and that only, which directs the bee's actions, its virtues and even its cruelties. That is its ideal, the one thing it lives for; and where shall we find one that is more sublime, where shall we look for a self-denial that is braver or more complete?

It is such a logical little republic, this one of the bees; they reason so clearly. They are so careful and wise; and yet they allow this dream of theirs, this dream that is so uncertain and full of doubt, to master them completely. Who shall tell us, oh little people, who are so deeply in earnest, who have fed on the warmth and the light and on all that is purest in nature, on the very soul of the flowers, who shall tell us why you seem to have found the answer to questions that to us are unanswerable still? Oh little city, so full of faith, and mystery, and hope, why do your thousands of workers sacrifice themselves so cheerfully? Another spring, another summer, would be theirs if only they would not waste their strength so recklessly, if only they would take a little more care of themselves and not work so dreadfully hard; but at the wonderful moment when the flowers are calling to them, the bees forget everything but their work, give themselves up to it whole-heartedly, passionately; with the result that in less than five weeks they are worn out, their wings are broken, their bodies are shriveled and covered with wounds.

Why, we ask ourselves, why do they give up their sleep, the delights of honey, the leisure that their winged brother, the butterfly, enjoys so gaily? It is not because they are hungry. Two or three flowers will provide each bee with the nourishment that she requires, and in one hour she will visit two or three hundred, to gather a treasure whose sweetness she will never taste. Oh bees, we wonder, why all this toil and suffering? And the answer is that they aim at one thing only, to live, as long as the world itself, in those that come after.

From The Children's Life of the Bee, by Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead, 1919.

READABLE BOOKS UPON THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW YORK CITY AND THE SERVICES OF ITS VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

Compiled by the Municipal Reference Library

Note.—At the request of Mr. Frank A. Rexford the Municipal Reference Library has gladly undertaken the compilation of a bibliography for use in connection with the high-school civics courses. The following references are in the nature of a first installment and include the outstanding non-technical books which should prove of interest to both teacher and student. No attempt has been made to include technical publications relating to the current departmental activities, these having been considered in the pamphlet "What to Read on New York City Government," copies of which may be had upon application to the Municipal Reference Library. A more complete and detailed bibliography, following the main divisions of the civics syllabus, is now in course of preparation and will be published as soon as possible

DORSEY W. HYDE, JR.,
Librarian.

General

Municipal Year Book of the City of New York. 1916. 235 pp.

New York City's Administrative Progress, 1914–16: A Survey of Various Departments under the Jurisdiction of the Mayor. May, 1916. 351 pp.

The Government of the City of New York. Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science in the City of New York. Vol V, No. 3, April, 1915. 263 pp.

Municipal Government of the City of New Yrok. A. G. Baker and A. H. Ware, 1916. 388 pp.

Manual of Civics: A Text-book of Municipal Government for the City of New York. F. C. Seckerson. 1911. 367 pp.

New York City as an Eighteenth Century Municipality. Peterson and Edwards. 1917. 259 pp.

Great Cities of America. Delos F. Wilcox. 1910. 426 pp.

Standard Histories of New York City. Lamb, Valentine, Van Rensselaer, etc.

Latest Departmental Annual Reports.

History of Tammany Hall. Gustavus Myers. 1917. 414 pp.

Tammany Hall. Talcott Williams. (In: Historic New York During Two Centuries. Vol. 2, pp. 33–79.)

Departments

Education.—The New York Public School. A. Emerson Palmer. 1905. 440 pp.

Health.—Over a Century of Health Administration. Chas. E. Bolduan. (Pam.) 40 pp. (Monograph series No. 13.)

An account of Bellevue Hospital from 1736–1894. 1893. 381 pp.

Police.—Guarding a Great City. Wm. McAdoo. 1906. 350 pp.

Fire.—Our Firemen. A history of New York fire departments, volunteer and paid. A. E. Costello. 1887. 1,112 pp.

Reminiscences of the old fire laddies and volunteer fire departments of New York and Brooklyn. J. F. Kernan. 1885. 897 pp.

Fire and Fire Fighters. John Kenlon. 1913. 410 pp.

Fire Prevention. Edw. F. Croker. 1913. 354 pp.

Finance.—The Finances of New York City. E. D. Durand. 1898. 397 pp.

Courts.—New Practice and Procedure in the Municipal Court. E. J. Lauer. (Contains historical sketch of the municipal court.) 1916. 1069 pp.

Inferior Criminal Courts Act of the City of New York. Compiled by Adolphus Ragan. 1916. 256 pp.

The Law and Practice of the City Court of the City of New York. Samuel Seabury. 1907. 1,317 pp.

Charities.—Humanizing the Greater City's Charity. The work of the Department of Public Charities of the City of New York. 1917. 144 pp.

Law.—A History of the Office of Corporation Counsel and the Law Department. Compiled by John H. Greener. 1912. 63 pp.

Dock.—Ships and Shipping of Old New York. 1915. 62 pp.

Clipper Ship Era. A. H. Clark. 1910.

Street Cleaning.—The Work of the Department of Street Cleaning. F. L. Stearns. Reprinted from Proceedings of the Municipal Engineers of the City of New York. 1913. pp 198–220.

What We Should All Know About Our Streets. Mrs. Julius Henry Cohen. Issued by the Woman's Municipa League o ıthe City of New York. 15 pp.

City Planning.—Development and Present Status of City Planning in New York City. 1914. 76 pp.

The Planning of the Modern City. N. P. Lewis. 1916. 423 pp.

DOG STORIES

Dogs have appeared more or less prominently in literature since the Odyssey, but usually as minor characters, sometimes as mere stage properties. Dog literature, in the true sense, is less than a century old.

The poets started it—Byron and Burns. Victorian novelists like George Eliot brought dogs into their stories more boldly than their predecessors. Dogs hunt and play through the pages of Sir Walter Scott, and the pepper and mustard terriers of Dandie Dinmont are real characters in "Guy Mannering." Then came two dog classics of the first water—Ouida's "The Dog of Flanders" and Captain Marryat's "Snarleyow." One questions, indeed, whether Ouida has ever been surpassed in this field.

I propose sometime to prepare a classified and descriptive bibliography of canine literature, and I believe that dog lovers will be surprised to discover how much worthy writing and characterization there is in it. It will include, of course, "Bob, Son of Battle," "Rab and His Friends," and "Beautiful Joe." Of the books of the twentieth century there is John Muir's peerless "Stickeen" (I can hardly speak of that thrilling little classic without using superlatives), John Galsworthy's "Memories," Ian Hay's "Scally: the Story of a Perfect Gentleman," "The Bar Sinister," by Richard Harding Davis, "The Story of Scotch," by Enos A. Mills, and John Taintor Foote's "Dumb-Bell of Brookfield" (of uneven merit, but striking a true emotional note in "The Runt"). Jack London's "The Call of the Wild," "White Fang," and "Michael" are in a class by themselves, like most of his other work. And finally the jewel of them all, Eleanor Atkinson's wonderful story of quaint, devoted little "Greyfriars Bobby."

From an article by Walter A. Dyer, in *The Bookman, Sept.,* 1919.

SONG OF THE OPEN LAND

We of the open country,
Men of the ranch and range,
Bronzed of skin and out to win,
Men of the landscape strange.

Hail you, and bid you hither,
Brothers so far away,
City-beguiled and greed-defiled,
Into the air of day!

Here are the visions splendid,
Girdled with space and light;
Ride where you will, there is beauty still,
Breath, and the body's might.

The silver gray of the mesa,
The alkali blotch below,
The water pool's sheen where the grass grows green,
And the far peaks tipped with snow.

The great, gaunt scars of the chasms,
Where the pines are written things,
Small of girth and stunted from birth,
Where nothing flies or sings.

Yellow the sands, or dappled,
Up where the foot-hills wind,
And the white stream leaps down the canon deeps
With the roar of beasts behind.

Myriad changes, myriad moods,
Oh, the glad gamut of life!
Deserts abloom or bare as doom,
Places for sleep or strife.

All of it splendid, all of it ours!
Brother by brother stand!
Ho, for the West, where to breathe is best!
Hail, from the open land!

By Richard Burton.

PRESS OF CLARENCE S. NATHAN, INC., NEW YORK.